

Dyspepsia of Women

ABSOLUTELY NEEDLESS AGONY

Caused by Uterine Disorders and Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



Mrs. Pinkham claims that there is a kind of dyspepsia that is caused by a derangement of the female organism, and which, while it causes a disturbance similar to ordinary indigestion, cannot be relieved without a medicine which not only acts as a stomach tonic, but has peculiar uterine-tonic effects also.

As proof of this theory we call attention to the case of Mrs. Margie Wright, Brooklyn, N. Y., who was completely cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound after everything else had failed. She writes:

"For two years I suffered with dyspepsia which so degenerated my entire system that I was unable to attend to my daily duties. I felt weak and nervous, and nothing that I ate tasted good and it caused a disturbance in my stomach. I tried different dyspepsia cures, but nothing seemed to help me. I was advised to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and was happily surprised to find that it acted like a fine tonic, and in a few days I began to enjoy and properly digest my food. My recovery was rapid, and in five weeks I was a well woman. I have recommended it to many suffering women."

No other medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement, or has such a record of cures of female troubles, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Glimpses of Men in Public Life at Washington.

HAY A CARTOON COLLECTOR

Secretary of State Eager for Sketches in Which He Is Depicted—Colonel Pete Hepburn's Allusion to Old Age in a Debate.

Secretary of State Hay employs a small army of retainers to gather from the domestic and foreign press all cartoons and caricatures in which he is depicted, says the Chicago Inter Ocean's Washington correspondent. One large room in his home is papered from ceiling to floor with cartoons, for the most part the original pen and ink drawings, wherein Mr. Hay is depicted.

But one room is not sufficient to accommodate all, and now the secretary is putting the sketches in a portfolio of large size. He intends to have the cartoons bound in appropriate style when he retires to private life, and some of them will be presented to his intimate friends.

Mr. Hay's fondness for many of the cartoonists of the country, and a majority send him the originals of their work as soon as the reproductions are published. A price is seldom charged, but Mr. Hay does not forget a favor, and many of the gifts he sends out each Christmas go to cartoonists.

Mr. Hay is the proud possessor of the finest collection of Du Maurier cartoons in the world.

A master of invective who has not been surpassed in the house of representatives for many years, Colonel Pete Hepburn of Iowa, does not

CURED OF Kidney and Stomach TROUBLES.

At an Expense of \$1.50, a Prominent Pennsylvania War Veteran was Permanently Cured by Three Bottles of "Seven Barks."

The following is the copy of a letter received from a gentleman who is ordinarily opposed to the use of his name in an advertisement, but he is so well pleased with what "Seven Barks" has done for him that he reluctantly gave permission in this instance. Its tone indicates its sincerity and shows it was voluntary.

"Russell, Pa., April 18, 1904.

"Dr. Lyman Brown.

"Dear Sir—I feel it my duty to tell you what your 'Seven Barks' has done for me. Last February you sent me a bottle. I had awful pains in my kidneys, and also my stomach was so weak that my food caused me dreadful suffering. I could not digest it. After using one bottle I felt very much better, and procured two bottles more. Now I can eat anything without the least pain. The pain in my stomach has also disappeared entirely. I can recommend your 'Seven Barks' to all afflicted as I was. Every family should keep it in the house. Every drop of 'Seven Barks' is worth its weight in gold, and I will keep it always by me, so I can put my hands on it when I need medicine again. Very truly, (Signed) Ira G. Barbe."

We could use several pages of this size in reproducing short extracts from original letters in our possession, received from enthusiastic friends of "Seven Barks." There is no evidence of merit deserved, we cannot produce, but the quickest way to settle all doubt, if in the reader's mind, is to buy a 50-cent bottle from your home druggist, and if you do not find it all we claim, set your money back. It will be cheerfully refunded by the druggist you bought of.

Red Cross Pharmacy,

160 North Main St. Barre, Vermont.

lose his grasp of descriptive English, says the Washington Post. Three score and eleven himself, his allusion to old age in a recent debate is too good to be buried out of sight in the Congressional Record. Mr. Lamar of Florida, a much younger man, who nevertheless has gray hair and, as Colonel Hepburn remarked during the debate, an excess of manner, had, as alleged, misquoted President Roosevelt's speech. For this the incisive Iowa belabored him mercilessly.

"That kind of garbling of authority or misquoting the president," asserted Colonel Pete aggressively, "is tolerable and excusable in the boys of the profession when they are getting their stage legs, when they are before that great tribunal, as it seemed to us many years ago, the country justice. But in later days, when we are old," he added in a fine Shakespearean vein, "when the horse are a world too wide for the shrunken calves, when the eyes weep amber, when the head is white as the driven snow by the flight of time, when we are old men, as I and the gentleman from Florida, we ought not to indulge in that kind of reprehensible practice."

A prolonged outburst of laughter and applause rewarded the sage Iowa for his splendidly worded criticism.

"Ah, for a saucer of that old maple sirup of my childhood! Compounded of the glorious sunshine of the hills of old New England and the sweet water of mountain rills! The rich offering of the virgin forest! Brewed in nature's secret refectory! The benison of bountiful nature to the palate of—"

"Point of order!" cried a voice, and Senator Platt of Connecticut awoke to the fact that he was becoming poetical on the floor of the senate, says the Chicago Inter Ocean's Washington representative. This isn't allowed.

Mr. Platt had been carried back to the days of his boyhood on a farm by the debate on pure food. He had opposed any law to render maple sirup uniform.

"Alas," he began, "it is almost impossible to obtain the pure, delicious maple sirup of our childhood. That which we get from Vermont," he said, "is so etherialized and sublimated that it's worthless."

The other senators sympathized, but had to agree that he was right.

Representative Sidney Mudd of Maryland has a small boy who goes to a public school, says the Washington representative of the New York World. A few days ago Mrs. Mudd met the representative at the door when he came to dinner and told him, in horrid tones, that she had discovered the son and heir of the Mudd family matching pennies with some ragamuffins on the street.

"Son," said Representative Mudd, bringing the small boy before the stern bar of the paternal justice, "is it true that you have been engaged in that gambling game known as matching pennies?"

"Deed I have, daddy," replied the Mudd youngster.

"I think," said Mr. Mudd, "that it is my duty to give you a sound whipping for this act, for you know how bitterly opposed I am to such a species of gambling."

"Well, father," said the boy, "I know I ought not to have been matching pennies, but I'll go you head or tails for two whippings or none."

"May the saints preserve ye," said an old woman in Washington who had been given a quarter by Representative Cooper of Wisconsin, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, "an' may every hair o' your head be a candle to light your way to glory!"

"Well, it won't be such a dogmatised torchlight procession at that," Mr. Cooper answered as a gust of wind took off his hat, showing a shining crown.

Egg Swallowing Contest.

A singular story of egg swallowing comes from Marlborough, the capital of Natal. A well known citizen made a bet with a local auctioneer that he would swallow forty-two raw eggs in ten minutes. He performed the task in eight minutes and then offered to swallow sixty raw eggs in fifteen minutes.

GLIMPSES OF MANLEY

Tributes to the Maine Politician's Personality.

A FAITHFUL CHURCHGOER

Auburn (Me.) Man Tells How the Republican Leader Used to Send His Servants to Church in His Carriage.

An Auburn (Me.) man was recently asked the following question by a reporter of the Lewiston (Me.) Journal concerning the late Joseph Homan Manley, the well known Maine Republican leader:

"Let me see—I believe you knew the late Joseph Manley quite intimately?"

"Yes, I knew the late Mr. Manley very well when I used to live in Augusta, and I can say in truthfulness that a better or abler man I never met."

"To put it in plain English, so every one can understand it, he had a way of helping a fellow when he was down. He didn't want any security, and the less noise made about it the better, according to his way of thinking."

"Let me tell you just one little incident that shows the kind of heart the man had as well as anything I ever knew about him."

"He was always a faithful churchgoer and a staunch supporter of his church. Every Sunday morning it was his wont to drive with his family to Sunday morning services. The cook and second girl of the household were devout Roman Catholics, and when it came time for them to go to their church you would always see the coachman and his carriage at the door waiting to take them to church. Many the time that I have seen the coachman hurrying home under orders from Mr. Manley to 'take the girls to church.' As long as he kept a carriage I don't believe he ever forgot them."

"Amid all his cares and responsibilities Mr. Manley did not forget his boyhood days. He was a great baseball enthusiast, and often have I seen him sit down with the boys and discourse earnestly and learnedly of the points of the game. When the subject of the New York team was introduced he always waxed eloquent. The New York was his favorite team."

"Lon Chandbourne's barber shop always had a call from him once a day when he was in town. Lon was a deep dyed Democrat."

"Often have I dropped into Lon's and found Mr. Manley sitting back in the chair and arguing it out with Lon underneath the imperturbable mask of lather. Sometimes they became very argumentative, but always pleasant, and Mr. Manley would raise his head from the chair rest to especially emphasize a point. At such moments Mr. Manley seemed to have no more thought of the razor that was hanging over his head than if it had been a straw, but in the whitest heat of the pros and cons I always noticed that Lon never once cut him. He knew every curve of his face as you and I know the curves of Main street in Lewiston, and you could tell that he loved him, even if he was a Republican, just by the way he stroked his face."

"Of course everybody knows that Mr. Manley was a great organizer in the field of politics. At the same time he was what they term nowadays in current political parlance a 'masterful mixer.' Years ago, when he was chairman of the Republican state committee, you might ask him how John Smith of Caribou or Silas Jones of Jack's Crossing was doing, and he would tell you to a nicety. He could tell you just where they lived, how to get there and how they voted if need be. Any man, whether Republican, Democrat or something worse, that he ever met he could call by name and recognized at sight, with a cordial how are you and a warm clasp of the hand or touch on the shoulder."

"I suppose he got this trait from the late James G. Blaine?" was the remark of the reporter.

"Well, he got it from Mr. Blaine or Mr. Blaine got it from him. I don't know which, but I am rather inclined

to think that Mr. Blaine was the copyist in this respect.

"I could mention scores of men now living in the capital city who owe their success to Joe Manley."

"I remember I used to have occasion to do business with him—business entirely outside of all political considerations. When I presented the bill I would always ask him if he wanted an itemized account."

"Never mind the items," he would say. "If the work suits me, the bill is all right."

"If you ask me," added our Auburn man as he closed the conversation, "I would say that the late Mr. Manley was not only the political ally of the late James G. Blaine, but he was his own brother by right of greatness. I voted for Mr. Blaine for president of the United States, and I would have done the same for Mr. Manley if he had lived!"

STAGE CLOTHES EVERY DAY.

Max Beerbohm Would Make Actors Dress in Costume Always.

Max Beerbohm, the English artist, brother of Beerbohm Tree, has caused considerable amusement by his suggestions on stage costumes, says a special cable dispatch from London to the New York World.

"We have no drama yet," he says, "but we have costumes. What is wanted is stage clothing, not costume. The French stage spends too little on dress, that of London too much. But when it comes to the wearing of clothes London has to take a back seat. Parisian actors and actresses are not conscious of the fact that they are dressed up. In England the opposite is the case. All rehearsals should be dress rehearsals. That would make the players feel at home on the night of production."

"In fact, it would make them wear their clothes out of doors, because it would advertise the play and would lessen the self-consciousness of the individuals forming the company."

Beerbohm Tree has rejoined that he looks forward to walking down Piccadilly dressed as Caliban arm in arm with Max.

STATE LINES.

Pennsylvania last year led the Union in the number of legal executions, nineteen.

California has a law against the docking of horses' tails. An offender on conviction may be fined \$500 or imprisoned for six months.

A recently published report shows Maine to have gained \$6,718,280 in wealth during the year just ended. The value of sheep and shipping has decreased. Taxes are generally higher all over the state, but 174 towns are entirely free from debt.

Ceylon Graphite.

The island of Ceylon is one of the largest graphite mining countries in the world.

SMITH'S BUCHU LITHIA PILLS.

SICK KIDNEYS, The Bladder, Rheumatism and the Blood—all these diseases yield at once and are quickly and fully cured. Price only 25 cents a box.

A CURE at the People's Price.

My Kidney book and a Sample Package sent Free to any address.

W. F. SMITH CO. 125 Summer St., Boston.

To cure Constipation, Sick Headache and Biliousness in one night, use Smith's Pileapple and Bittern Pills. Only 10 cents at dealers.

ALL GENUINE SIGNED

Nothing Else so Good.

Putnam, Conn. "I want to write and tell you how much good your Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills have done. I have suffered with kidney trouble for over two years and have spent a good many dollars for medicine of every description, but nothing seemed to help me until I began to take your Smith's Buchu Lithia Pills. I have taken nearly two boxes and I can safely say that I have not felt so well in ten years as I do now. I shall continue to take your pills until I am entirely cured."

JOHN D. MAIR.

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The island of Ceylon is one of the largest graphite mining countries in the world.

PARLOR PRIDE STOVE POLISH

LIQUID—READY FOR INSTANT USE.

A few drops of Parlor Pride Stove Polish gives the stove a brilliant lustre shine, making the stove fit for the parlor. No soiled hands—easy to apply—always ready. No water used (water in paste polishes rusts the stove). No dried-up paste remains after using a while. Parlor Pride good to the last drop. Sold by all dealers. In Barre by Smith Bros., Chessier & Bird, Merchant & Fraser, B. D. Tomasi, Eastman Bros., Mrs. G. H. Griffin, W. H. Connor, Borden & Lyon, F. D. Ladd, Reynolds and Son and Prindle & Averill.

WHO IS MASTER?

May the saints preserve ye," said an old woman in Washington who had been given a quarter by Representative Cooper of Wisconsin, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, "an' may every hair o' your head be a candle to light your way to glory!"

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ELWIN L. SCOTT, Attorney and Counselor-at-Law.

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DR. LEWIS D. MARTIN, OSTEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN.

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We are dealers in Electrical Supplies, Gas Fixtures & Combination Fixtures. Everything Modern and Up-to-date. None but expert help employed and work guaranteed. Telephone 9-12. Office at No. 10 Elm street, Barre, Vt.

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Electric Heaters, Electric Fixtures, Electric Supplies.

STANDARD ELECTRIC CO., H. G. BENNETT, F. W. NICHOLS.

199 North Main St., Barre.

HAIR GOODS.

Mrs. C. S. Meaker, 40 Jefferson St., my agent, will be glad to furnish hair goods, hair, front pieces, switches, etc., if not in stock, at short notice from my Manchester store. Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, and soliciting a continuance of the same in the future for my agent and myself, I am yours with all respect, S. M. YOUNG.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP.

Having rented the old Blanchard Blacksmith Shop at South Barre, I am prepared to do Horseshoeing, General Repair Work and Blacksmithing of all kinds in a workmanlike manner and at right prices. Satisfaction guaranteed. JAMES O. MEGIN.

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NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

In 2-Pie 10c Packages with List of Valuable Premiums.

MERRILL-SOULE CO., CHICAGO, NEW YORK.

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